

Mabel Herbert Umer's Great Series

Married Life's Troubles

Helen Is Astounded at an Incident at the Wedding of Warren's Stenographer.

BY MABEL HERBERT UMER

WARREN rang again. Another moment's wait and the lock clicked as some one opened the door from above.

Inside the narrow hall was lighted with a single flickering gas jet.

"It's the top flight, take it easy," advised Warren as Helen started up the stairs.

From above came the sound of voices and laughter—a "party" sound, the sound of a wedding.

"Unhappily" Warren who had booted his dinner to get there by 7:30. "Shouldn't think anybody'd be here."

At the top of the stairs they were met by a young girl, who showed them into a small bedroom to lay off their wraps.

The bed and chairs were already piled with hats and coats.

"I won't have to take off my hat, will I?" whispered Helen.

"How do I know?" irritably shrugging out of his overcoat.

Warren, who knew you know Miss Perry's proud to have you come—now don't spoil it all."

With the words the stenographer I got I'll take blamed good care she's so old and ugly that there won't be any wedding. What do we do? Go in there and join that party?

Just then a sweet faced old lady, who Helen knew instinctively was Miss Perry's mother, came to the door.

She shook hands with Warren rather shyly, seeming somewhat in awe of her daughter's company. Then she led them into the parlor.

The small room was already crowded. Every one was standing, leaving only a cleared space by the window for the ceremony. Sprays of smilax decorated the crayoned family portraits, the piano, the mantel.

The girl at the piano now began playing Mendelssohn's wedding march. Then the minister, a pompous man, strode in impressively and took his place by the window.

"Those by the door will kindly stand aside so the bride and groom may enter," he instructed patronizingly.

Dressed as a bride.

Miss Perry's mother, at first, with quivering lips and reddened eyes, then came the two attendants, whom Helen did not know, and then the bride, in emotional strain of the wedding march, came the bride in trailing white satin, a long bridal veil, and orange blossoms.

It seemed out of place—this elaborate bridal attire in so simple a home. Then, as Helen caught a glimpse of Miss Perry's face, she understood. She had wanted to be a bride with all the symbols and paraphernalia of a bride, and for them she had spent lavishly of her hard earned money.

After her life she would have the memory of this wedding—of having been and looked a bride! It was her moment of moments!

She was leaning heavily, tremblingly on the groom's arm. His face Helen could not see, but he was tall and well built.

"If any man can show just cause why this couple may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak or forever after hold his peace," boomed the deep voice of the minister.

Helen felt her eyes grow dim and her throat ache with the emotional appeal that the wedding ceremony makes to all women.

"Do you, William Karl Baker, take this woman, Caroline May Perry, to be your lawful wedded wife, to love, honor, and cherish, for better, for worse, in sickness and in health, as long as you both shall live?"

Every eye was now turned on William Karl Baker, waiting for the reverent, "I do."

But, instead came an explosive, "Yes!"

There was an audible gasp. No booming deep voice, no solemn silence could have been more astounding. From the back room came a suppressed titter.

Helen choked. She dare not look at Warren for fear she would laugh outright. A curious expression crossed the minister's face, but he went on with severe dignity.

"And do you, Caroline May Perry, take this man for your lawful wedded husband, to love, honor and obey, for better, for worse, in sickness and in health, as long as you both shall live?"

"I do," in a barely audible whisper. The ceremony was short, and then came the general confusion of kissing and congratulations.

Helen, who had been separated from Warren, stood awkwardly by the piano, painfully conscious of being an outsider.

Then the bride moved about as though in a dream. In the white shimmering gown, the bride's shining radiance of her eyes she seemed apart from that crowded, tiny little room. It was as though she was living this hour in a world of her own—that no one, not even her husband, could enter.

Helen looked at her in thrilled wonder. Was this the plain, prosaic little stenographer that for two years had been in Warren's office?

Now some one announced that a taxi was waiting to take the bride and groom away. Photographers a few blocks away.

"They'll only be gone a few minutes," cordially "and they want every body to stay till they come back."

"Hope they'll not have it taken with his hand on her shoulder," was Warren's cynical remark. Helen had managed to get away from the store and was now by his side.

"Dear, can't you go now?" she whispered. "I'm almost suffocated."

"Just beginning to enjoy myself," as he complacently washed down a huge piece of fruit cake with generous gulps of claret punch.

Just then Mrs. Perry brought up her brother and his wife to be introduced to the bride. The evening had been a series of strained introductions, and Helen had murmured the conventional "I'm so glad to meet you," and "Didn't the bride look charming?" until she now said it mechanically.

In answer Helen's appealing glance, Warren now turned to Mrs. Perry with a tactful:

"Since I haven't your daughter to depend on, I must be at the office early these mornings, so we'll have to be getting home in a moment."

In the little bed room Warren had some difficulty in finding his hat. He scowled into the labels of a dozen or more before he found his own, which Mrs. Perry fluttered about in anxious concern.

Then came a succession of rather awkward "good byes" and when at length they were out in the hall, Helen gave a profound sigh of relief.

"Well, that's over," announced Warren with grim satisfaction, as they started down the four flights.

"Oh, it's only worth of her!" murmured Helen, her mind still intent on the bride. "I only spoke to him for a moment, but I liked her better than I thought. He may make her a very good husband after all."

"I hope so."

"But oh, dear, that awful 'Yes!' Wasn't that dreadful? Do you suppose it was nervousness?"

"Bad break, whatever it was."

"But do you know, I don't believe she even heard it! She seemed almost in dream. Her dress was so luminescent! Could you reconcile her with your plain little stenographer?"

"Yes, she did look pretty fine."

"Pretty fine," was not at all what Helen meant. It was something so much more than that, but she did not try to explain.

For after all, only a woman could have understood that look of rapt wonder that had transfixed the bride.

Little Bobbie and His Pa

Old Maid Gets Pa Stirred Up and Ma Wins a \$50 Tailor-made Suit.

By William F. Kirk

THERE was a old maid up to our house last night, she met Ma at one of the clubs which Ma is all the time going to, & Ma asked her to come up to the house & spend a evening. She is going to rite a novel sum day, she sed, about the menace of men on the human race.

It is the men of creashun that make all the trouble, she sed to Pa & Ma & me. The women, if they had the running of things wud have a different kind of civilizashun. There wud be more museums of art & fewer flig clubs she sed. There wud be more palaces of natural history & no base-ball parks to go to waste ones time.

The day will cum, she sed to Pa, when you men will find that insted of being the lords of creashun you are the footmen to us women, the real supermen after all.

I suppose that time may cum, sed Pa, the I am sure I do not want to live to see it. I suppose that almost anything is libel to happen a thousand years from now, at the rate the people are getting foolish. There is no telling ware it will end.

Thank goodness the kind of women that are going to direct the destinies of the human race in the happy years to cum, sed Ma old maid friend, is clear brained, fearless women like me, sed. Women that realize how little & how insignificant is men after all.

No, I don't know it sed Pa. Maybe sum of the men that listen to that kind of talk are little & insignificant, like the husbands of sum suffragettes, but you have no idee, Pa sed, how many men there are that wares 17 collars & runs there own house & fambly without any advice from sisters or woman's clubs. & they are usually the men that are the best to cum, sed Ma. I am a man of that tipe, sed Pa. I like to see that my wife heer & my littel son have every thing that munny can buy, but at the same time, I never allow ether one of them to think for a minn that I am little or insignificant, sed Pa. I am the skipper of our fambly shlp, sed Pa, & my life is the first mate Little Bobbie is the cabin boy, & both of them are under my orders, Pa sed.

That is teh eternal man of it, sed Ma old maid friend. That is what makes me a man. Men all think they are the grate I Am.

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The Manicure Lady

By William F. Kirk

"I'VE been reading a continued story in the evening newspaper," said the "Manicure Lady," and it is a kind of queer lay-out, the plot of it and all. It tells about a strong, manly young gent about 35 feet tall who wins the love of a fair young society girl by acting like a cave man. George, what is a cave man?"

"I remember reading something about cave men in my school books," said the Head Barber. "If I remember right, they was the first human beings and lived a mighty long time ago."

A man hater, Ma sed, becaus my dear husband is always noabel & good to me & I am proud to be the first mate to such a captain. He is a darling & I love him with all my hart.

Then the old spinster got kind of cold & went hoan, & after she was gone Pa felt so good that he giv Ma \$50 to buy a new tailor sute. I know it was \$50, becaus I heard Ma ask for it.

The war divided the Greeks and made it possible for them, later on, to be overrun by Macedonia and Rome. It destroyed the Athenian empire, the greatest agent of progressive civilization that the world has ever known.

In a word, it arrested the great human advance in art, science, eloquence and song, which had only just fairly started at Athens under the administration of Pericles; thus paving the way for 18 centuries of mental darkness and decrepitude.

And it all came about through the hate that was engendered by that first sea fight off Actium six centuries before the birth of Christ.

COMPETITION ASKED FOR TEXAS BUILDING DESIGN

San Antonio, Texas, Feb. 15.—All architects in Texas are to be given an equal chance to have the honor of designing and planning the Texas building which is to be erected at the Panama-Pacific exposition. Mrs. E. H. Hertzberg, of this city, chairman of the Texas commission that was appointed by governor Colquhoun to raise the money and provide Texas with proper representation at the exposition, has announced that the commission has decided to ask all architects of the state to submit designs. Such designs shall entail no cost to the commission. "I shall be glad to furnish architects with any information they may desire in connection with this," said Mrs. Hertzberg.

THE first naval fight of which we have any record (and judged by what it led to, the most important battle that was ever fought on sea or land) took place on February 16, 664 years before Christ, between the Corecyans and the Corinthians.

Corecya (now Corfu), originally a colony of Corinth, could never get along with the mother city, one thing led to another, and finally they came to a clash in the pioneer sea fight since that time.

It was a long wait—227 years—but the time for getting back at Corecya came at last, and Corinth made the most of it.

About B. C. 437, the Corecyans having a dispute with Corinth appealed to Athens for aid. Athens heard the appeal favorably, and that gave Corinth her opportunity. She sent envoys to the Spartan confederacy who convinced the most bitterly of the conduct of the Athenians with regard to Corecya.

They were bigger than the men now, and more like big gorillas.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the "Manicure Lady." "I don't see how no young society lady could fall for that kind of a gent. I ain't no society queen myself, but goodness knows, George, I wouldn't marry no gent and do light-housekeeping in a cave. A flat is bad enough, but a cave—never!"

"This story didn't say, though, that the hero was exactly a cave man—it said he used cave-man methods. I suppose it meant that he was kind of rough and harsh to her, and maybe he beat her up a little."

"He wouldn't have to be no cave man to do that, if we can believe the papers at all," declared the Head Barber.

"It said in this story that all women love to be mastered by some ruder, stronger being than 'ie women themselves. Sometimes I believe that is so because I have often had the feeling proper, even if he did give me a good shaking when I wouldn't mind. Goodness knows, I would rather have a little fat chented duties that mice in here just before the matinee to get in a perfect pink."

"I wouldn't care a rap for a husband that I could slam across the room and I am afraid if I should marry that kind of a husband he would be going across the room most of the time."

"But the ideal kind of a man, I think, for a husband for a emotion, yet gentle child like me, is a husband who could be as rough as Sandy Ferguson if he had to be, but who could also be as gentle as a little trained nurse—and that is the way I would want him to be most of the time, because my girlish nature does not lean none toward warfare."

"There ain't many men left like that now, George, at least among the young stock. The young men now have the muscles of children, and the disposition of cave men. Instead of the muscles of cave men and the dispositions of children. Here comes one of them to get his nails did now."

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DETAILS GIVEN BY THIS HOUSTONIAN

Tells How Plant Juice Has Benefited His Wife and of Her Gratitude to It.

Mr. W. G. Hunselman, who is a special factory representative of The Smith & Barnes Piano Co., and who lives at 1394 Chenevert Street in Houston, tells in the following what Plant Juice has accomplished for his wife.

"My wife has long been a sufferer with stomach trouble and constipation, but the worst feature was the constipated condition that nothing seemed to relieve. I got her a bottle of Plant Juice to try and it helped her in every way. All who suffer with constipation will understand how grateful we both are that she has found a treatment that will cure her."

Constipation is never cured by cathartics as they tear down and eliminate bad habits that get the bowels in such a condition that they will not respond to any treatment. Plant Juice cures constipation by acting on the liver causing it to furnish nature's cathartics, rid the system of all dangerous poisons and builds a new structure of bone, tissues, blood and sinew nearly from scratch over again.

Plant Juice is a vegetable remedy extracted from the roots, leaves, bark, stems and seeds of the medicinal plants. It is nature's own remedy and gives almost immediate relief and leads to permanent cure. For sale at The Kelly and Pollard Drug Store—Advertisement.

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